

# Ruiner

## PsyLoFi

How light could be our darkest hour?  
None will be left when they come  
To collect their blood debts  
Accounts will be dry, binary vessel  
Full of nothing but dustA vicious lust for control has turned us  
Into pawns for the faceless kings  
Shed rivers of blood turned the color  
Of their lucre greedFiscal commandments impel  
And we will obeyBlindly  
Fury of, furyThe fury of the sun has passed  
Into the hands of men  
Whose hands were already too full  
Of abused strength and anger  
Of abused strength and power  
Bio-economics killing again and again

Lyrics provided by  
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